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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the
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Vol. 2, New Series

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 1.



THE BOAT RACE

Ned Walker gave a last careful glance aloft and along the glistening expanse of the Wanderer's deck, pulled the main sheet almost home, and gave the order to cast off the anchor. Thus, having completed the task of leaving the anchorage, the three boys who composed the crew of No. "P, 30" settled down in the tiny cockpit, and Ned deftly steered the graceful craft in and out of the other boats of the harbor, all gaily decorated with multi-colored bunting and headed around the point for the start. Here were gathered many more boats, from the little dories with leg o' mutton sails to big schooners and steam yachts, some sailing lazily back and forth, others indulging in miniature races of their own while waiting for the races to begin.

"Pretty good collection," commented Jim Corbin, as he viewed the spectacle. "There's Bugs Warner with Ted Murray and a chap I don't know in the Sioux. Looks as though Bugs has a new suit of sails, too; what do you think, Ned?" he added.

"They're new, all right," ans-

wered Ned. "And they seem to be bigger than the others. Bugs will have all he can do to manage such a big area in this wind, and it's freshening every minute— Look out for your heads!"

The other two promptly ducked and the boom came hissing over as the Wanderer filled away on her new course, a sheet of spray coming over her bows from every wave.

"Whew! going to be wet!" exclaimed Ham Curtis, youngest member of the trio, as he wiped his face with the sleeve of his sweater, "I wasn't looking for that one and now I'm soaked this early."

Indeed, the Wanderer was bowling along with her lee rail far under, and the three boys, perched on her weather rail high above the angry ocean, looked like so many birds on a wire.

Boom! The cannon on the stake boat belched forth a cloud of smoke, while the roar of the explosion echoed away over the ocean.

"First warning", said Ned, with a glance at his watch. "Everyone's jockeying for the lead, so I guess

we'd better hustle over there, too."

Accordingly, the helm was put over, and the Wanderer swung around, heading for the line.

Boom! A second puff of smoke spouted from the mouth of the cannon and with the report eight yachts rushed over the line in almost perfect order, the Wanderer, however, being to windward of them all.

"Pretty close", chuckled Corbin, as he made the main-sheet fast. "We've got the inside on the first turn, and perhaps we can get in the lead there."

The others said nothing, but regarded the still unbroken line with anxious eyes for any boat that might be pulling ahead.

"Quick now!" yelled Ned, presently, as they neared the first mark, "Jim, you watch the main-sheet and Ham, look out for the jib. He jammed the tiller hard over and the Wanderer swung around the mark a bare half length ahead of the Sioux for Bugs Warner had also rounded the buoy quickly and was stretching every point to overhaul the leading boat. It was almost a dead beat to windward, and frequent tacks were necessary, although some of the racers had evidently decided to make two long tacks of it. The wind was blowing half a gale, and the boats were well over, clouds of spray coming over their bows and drenching the crews.

The Sioux still hung on and seemed to be gaining slightly on the Wanderer. Then a puff of wind came over the water; it struck the Sioux first and caused it to forge ahead so as to be even with Ned's boat once more. "He's going to blanket us!" cried Ham, in dismay, suddenly realizing what Bugs Warner was now able to do. Indeed, the Sioux slowly went ahead, taking the wind from the Wanderer's sails, which commenced to hang loose.

"Rats!" exclaimed Ned, disappointedly, "That new sail of his is just big enough to do the trick, and the Sioux always could beat us beating to windward, but wait until we round the next buoy."

Bugs was now a length to the good, and approaching the second mark. Once around this, Ned let out the sheet and ordered the balloon jib set, for it was now a run nearly before the wind, on which particular tack the Wanderer always sailed best.

Suddenly an exclamation broke from Jim. "He's having trouble with his balloon jib!" he cried. "See, he's slowing up a little!"

It was true. The big sail did not seem to fill, and Ted Murray tugged and pulled until finally it caught the wind. The momentum lost, however, combined with the increased speed of the Wanderer, now brought the latter up even. It was an exciting moment, the two yachts rushing along side by side, neither able to gain. Then, however, the superiority of Ned's boat running before the wind began to tell and slowly the Wanderer drew away from the Sioux.

The last turning mark before the finish was now near, and Ned, knowing that if he didn't jibe, Bugs Warner would, took a chance in the high wind and shoved the tiller up. Around the mark went the Wanderer, and over went the boom with a rush. Ned braced himself for the shock, but the mast held, and with a groaning of every seam, the boat settled down to a dead run before the wind. The Sioux, too, jibed around the mark with safety and was close upon the Wanderer. The larger sail of the Sioux now began to tell, for Bugs' boat slowly crawled up until the bows of the two were even. Ned, however, steered the Wanderer so as to head across the

bow of the Sioux, thus causing Bugs to veer off. The boats were so close now that one could almost step from one to the other and the big boom of the Wanderer projected across the Sioux's deck. Thus they swept down the lane of gay yachts, Ned causing Bugs to veer off every time the Sioux tried to pass, and—

Boom! roared the finishing gun as they went over the line, the Wanderer's bow a bare six inches ahead.

R. S. B. '15.

MY LUCKY DAY

One afternoon in November, after school, I started for Ipswich Neck after ducks. The wind was west and blowing a gale, but I did not mind this, as it would drive the ducks into the pond where I was going to hunt.

When I drove onto the shale at the shore of Ipswich bay, I saw twelve geese light on the clam flats and I hurried to get my gun from its case, as four of the geese had seen me.

They were about one hundred and fifty yards out on the flats and altogether too far to shoot, but I started to crawl up on them. When I had gone about ten yards, they jumped and, running with all my might to get nearer, I got within about one hundred yards and then let them have both barrels.

I wounded one, but not badly enough to stop it, and they all flew away together, the wounded one a little behind.

My next move was to go over to a pond nearby, and as I approached I saw four ducks out on the pond, and a nearer view proved them to be Mallard drakes.

As I was creeping up on them, I happened to glance through the bushes that grew on the edge of the pond and what I saw made me want to shout with joy, for about thirty

black ducks were feeding there and they had not seen me.

I crept through the bushes, and, as I slowly stepped into view, they caught sight of me and began to swim out on the pond in a well-lined row.

I gave them one barrel when they were sitting and one in the air, and managed to get ten of them, and as it was pretty nearly sunset I started for home and was soon sitting down to a hot meal which I needed, as the long tramp and chilly air had given me an appetite.

B. P., JR.

THE JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE

Silverdale Farm House, broad, low and rambling, was pleasantly situated on the top of a little hill overlooking Crandigton Valley, through which flowed the sparkling Silver Crest river. This farm house had belonged to many generations of Prestons, and at the present time was occupied by Josiah Preston and his wife. Their house being large and roomy, they decided to take in boarders for the summer and so they inserted an advertisement in a city paper to that effect.

A few days later a stylishly dressed young man appeared. After looking the place over, he expressed himself as delighted with it, saying that as he had been closely confined to business he wished to spend a few weeks in just such a quiet, restful spot. Arrangements were completed in a few minutes and James Harvey was shown to a room as cool and inviting as one could wish for.

That noon he partook of a splendid country dinner,—chicken, sweet corn and lima beans, large, mealy potatoes, luscious tomatoes and fresh apple sauce, finished off with a huge wedge of peach pie.

After this hearty dinner, Josiah, who was a typical farmer, jolly and warm-hearted, took him out to show him around the place. First they saw the cattle, which were Josiah's pride. He pointed out, in the pasture back of the barn, the large bull, of which he was especially proud.

"Is he dangerous?" asked James.

"Well, sometimes it is best to steer clear of him, and then again he is as gentle as a lamb," replied Josiah.

Then they passed on through the large garden until they reached the edge of a small stream which Josiah said was just full of trout. On the way back they passed a small enclosure in which several goats were coralled and altogether, James concluded that Josiah had quite a farm, and that he would enjoy himself immensely.

That night he dreamed he was in Paradise; but at the first streak of daylight, a feathered gamester, with a voice that rivaled the screech of a steam whistle, took his station beneath James' window, and proceeded to awake the echoes and the gentleman's temper with one accord. After an hour's trial he found another nap was out of the question, so he raised the window and "shooed" in a manner that would have frightened any other rooster into hysterics, but had no effect on this one. He merely cocked one eye upwards, and crowed in a manner that threw all his other efforts into the shade.

With a dire threat of vengeance, James dressed and went down to breakfast, after which he decided to go and try his luck at fishing in the stream which Josiah had said was so well stocked with fish, and which was about half a mile from the house.

Two hours later he was seated under a tree at the bank of the stream waiting for an encouraging

nibble. As the bite was not forthcoming, and as it was getting rather hot, he determined to relieve the monotony by taking a dip in the inviting waters. So, carefully depositing his clothes on the bank, he plunged in. The water was delightful, and before he knew it he had descended down stream quite a distance. On turning around, behold his dismay on seeing on the grassy knoll where his immaculate linen suit had reposed, a half dozen goats sporting in high glee. Alas for poor James! With a yell like an Apache Indian on the war-path, he splashed hurriedly back to drive the marauders away. Too late! The mischief had been done! A shirt-band and collar button, a coat button, and a piece of his collar, one pocket and a small piece of braided straw was all that remained to tell the sad tale.

What should he do? If only a boy would come along! At any other time the banks would be lined with the little rascals! He watched for about an hour, then made his way along the creek until he reached a bridge, underneath which he hid, hoping that some fellow would come along soon.

He had not been in his hiding place very long before he heard voices coming down the road. He peeped out eagerly, but dodged back in an instant when he saw what was coming. "The Mothers' Sewing Circle!" To be sure, that must be it, for Mrs. Preston had told him that they were to hold their annual outing today. Down the road they came. Fifteen or twenty of them, headed by a person who was evidently the minister.

When they reached the bridge, they all stopped and set down their baskets, and after a long argument, James was horrified when he heard them decide to have their lunch on the bank of the stream.

It was a long hour and a half that

James waited, huddled up under the bridge, chilled by the cold, running water, but at last he heard with joy, their preparations for departure. It was not until their foot-steps had died away that he peeped out and then, on looking over on the bank where they had been picnicing, he saw, to his great joy his only salvation.

Lying out on the grass was a big red table cloth left behind in the excitement! With one dash, James gained the coveted table-cloth, and thankfully enveloped himself in it.

He then scurried back down the Creek and after a long search, found his fishing tackle. With a last look at the scene of devastation, he started off across the pasture. He was cold and shivering now, for the sun was getting low, and his prolonged bath had chilled him. But the table-cloth wrapt close around him kept him fairly comfortable, so he was walking along, not noticing where he was going and thinking that Josiah would be wondering what had happened to him. All of a sudden he was awakened from his reverie by a loud snort and the sound of hoof beats behind him. He turned quickly and saw the bull charging down on him with fire in his eyes. With one yell he started out on the run for the fence, but as a tightly-wrapped table-cloth does not facilitate fast running, he had not gone many steps before he went head over heels on the ground. He jumped up again, but seeing that he couldn't possibly make the fence, he steered his course for an apple tree nearby.

He was nearly to the tree now, but the bull was also nearly to him. However, with one last leap, he caught hold of a limb and pulled himself up to safety, just as the bull rushed by.

The bull was not to be cheated so easily, however, but time and again

he charged the tree, and when he found that this did no good, he went off to a distance and pawed and snorted. Twice James tried to get down, but at the least move the bull was waiting for him with lowered horns.

This situation was kept up for two or three hours, until it began to grow dark. Several times James had yelled with all his might, but it had done no good. As it got darker, however, the bull drew further away until it seemed to James that he could make the fence at last. He dropped to the ground and sprinted to the fence in record time, clearing it in one bound while the bull bellowed and snorted on the other side.

James could see the lights up on the hill, but in the dark they seemed miles away. Progress was slow and painful over the sharp stubble, in his bare feet, so that by the time he reached the barn the house was as dark as a tomb, the lights having gone out one by one, the Prestons not being noted for sitting up late.

At last he gained the porch and to his great joy he found the door open. He went in quietly and started towards the stairs, when all of a sudden he stumbled and a crashy-bang startled Josiah out of bed. James had overturned the small table on which there was a large globe of gold-fish, and was just picking himself up when Josiah appeared on the scene, armed with a lantern and shot gun.

"Well, what in tarnation," he gasped. |||

Then James managed to get out his story which Josiah thought was a huge joke. James didn't however, and sneaked right up to bed.

The next morning when Josiah went down stairs he found a slip of paper and a two-dollar bill on the table.

The note read:—

"Mr. Preston,

The farm is O. K., but never again.

James Harvey."

Josiah looked up at the note and then at the bill and then burst into a hearty guffaw. "Well, I swan!" he said.

P. G. D. '14.

A TRIP TO A LIGHTHOUSE

During my summer vacation at York Beach, I visited one of Uncle Sam's best equipped lighthouses. It was on a small island, known as Boon Island, about thirteen miles out from the beach. I started at nine in the morning and went aboard the four-masted schooner Alice Brown. After all were on board, the motor was started, as there was not much wind. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond and the sun shone brightly.

After we had sailed about ten miles out, the anchor was let down and lines were dropped for fishing. When a half hour of fishing was over, and all had a fairly good catch, dinner was served and the schooner shortly after neared the little island.

A tender was let over the side and all who wished to go ashore were taken in the boat. After having some difficulty, because of the rocks, we landed and were heartily greeted by the old keeper.

We first visited a small, white building known as the bell house. As we entered we saw a huge bell, which weighs over a ton, suspended from an iron beam above. Below this was quite a little machinery which works like a clock, and when set to working a huge hammer strikes the bell every two seconds. This is known by sailors as the fog bell, and is used when there is a fog.

Next we went over to the lighthouse, which is a tall brick building about one hundred feet in height.

As we entered, our attention was first attracted by the clean, white walls. A pair of winding stairs took us to the top. After we had crawled through a small hole, we found ourselves surrounded by a huge glass turret. This turret is a revolving one, and is arranged to flash first a white and then a red light, from sunset till sunrise. The glass used is the best made, of Belgium manufacture, and is corrugated. If you were to touch it the finger print would require a lot of energy to remove it. Inside this is an acetylene lamp, which furnishes the power. This is one of the latest improvements, and is installed in only a few lighthouses yet. Surrounding this glass turret are panes of glass, from which one may see the Isles of Shoals and the Nubble Light in the distance. I must not forget to tell of the intense heat in this room, as one would only have to close his eyes and he would soon find himself in dreamland.

After seeing everything in the lighthouse, we visited the home. Leading from the house to the lighthouse is a covered canopy, for during the winter the storms sweep over the small island and unless the walk were enclosed the keeper would not be able to get to the lighthouse, as the high tides of winter cover the island most of the time.

We then visited the Washington profile, which is an odd likeness of George Washington, cut by nature on the rocks.

The wind began to rise and we all gathered at the boat house to bid the keeper good bye, and got into the tender and thence to the schooner.

During our absence the sails had been set and we were soon in York Harbor, after a pleasant day's trip.

F. J. T. '15,



The Archon

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The readers and subscribers of this paper will be doing it a favor if they will patronize its advertisers and mention the fact that they saw the advertisement in THE ARCHON.

After a three months' absence from dry books and havoc-working exams, we assemble once more to pull together for another nine months' work. The outlook for the coming year is very bright, for, as almost all the "old boys" returned and a large number of new students came in, this year's enrolment is the largest we have had for some years.

As there has been quite an increase in the size of the upper school, it has been suggested that it would perhaps be a good plan for the various classes—Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen,—to get together and organize for the coming year, the class to which one belongs being determined by the grade of English which he takes. Since there is nothing which so lends zest and enjoyment to the school year as a little "class spirit", we recommend this idea heartily. Think it over, fellows, and then get busy.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Farrell, who took up his duties as a member of the teaching corps for the first time at Dummer this year.

Mr. Cobb was here about two months, teaching during Mr. Degen's illness. When he left he took with him the best wishes of all for his future success, for during his short stay he certainly made many friends.



A few weeks after school opened a call for foot ball warriors was issued by Coach Jenkins. As we have lost some good men by graduation, it did not surprise our coach to see what a crude and inexperienced lot he had to train. One relief was among these recruits there were a number of boys who were stockily built and had good weight. The only veteran to appear was Capt. John Yesair, and when we mention his name we have said enough to explain of what calibre John is. Coach Jenkins' first step toward the developing of a team was to explain the good which one gets from the game both mentally and physically. After the first week of good stiff practice it looked as though Dummer was to have a foot ball team which would give some of our rivals a good fight.

DUMMER 24; MANNING 0.

We played our first game of the season at Ipswich with the Manning High School boys as our opponents. A good many of the students accompanied the team as they wanted to find out what our boys could really do. It was known that the Ipswich team had been practising for a long time, so we expected Manning to give us a hard battle. Dummer took the field with the following men in the line-up; Small r e., Cowles r t.; Holden r. g.; Towne c.; Derderian l. g.; Rowe l. t.; French l. e.; Chandler q. b.; Poto l. h. b.; Young f. b.; Capt. Yesair r. h. b. We outweighed our opponents by about five or six pounds and averaged 143 pounds. Ipswich started the game by kicking to Dummer, and by steady line plunging

and long end runs by Capt. Yesair we scored a touchdown before the first quarter was over. Before the whistle blew for the second quarter the Dummerites again crossed their opponents' goal. In the third quarter the forward pass worked successfully and enabled us to score again. We also scored in the last period and it was a happy lot of boys who yelled twenty-seven 'rahs with three "Ipswich" on the end.

DANVERS 49; DUMMER 0.

The Danvers-Dummer game was the one that our boys were looking forward to for a long time; not because they expected to be beaten—far from that—but that they were to make the trip to Danvers in automobiles. When the four auto-loads of players left Dummer, they were confident of trimming their old rivals. Those left behind also thought, judging from the Ipswich game, that our representatives would give a good account of themselves. As the score indicates, the game was very much one-sided. Our line did not hold at all. Every tackle was made by the secondary defence. Towne, our centre, had a very bad day, his poor passing being mainly responsible for Danvers' scores. Our backfield men played a fairly good game. Danvers played well and we cannot but give them much credit.

DUMMER 6; STONE SCHOOL 6.

Many shifts in the Dummer line-up were made by Coach Jenkins as a result of the Danvers game. Small was shifted from end to backfield and Poto from backfield to end. We seemed to have made a good acquisi-

tion when Fitzgerald, a Newburyporter, joined our midst. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is just the kind of player we needed in the line. Stone School had recently played Harvard 2nd, so we knew we would have a hard job in holding them off. As we expected, they were great big fellows, and outweighed us about 15 pounds to a man. We had had a hard week of practice, and therefore were fully prepared to meet them. Stone kicked off to Dummer to begin the game with and, strange to say, Dummer held the ball all through the first period. We had just barely made our distance each time. At the beginning of the second quarter Dummer held the ball on Stone's 30-yard line. After making third down twice, we were held for downs on their 10-yard line. Stone had the ball on their own 10-yard line and, luckily for us, fumbled on the very first play. Some good work on Fitzgerald's part enabled him to recover the ball. Stone tried hard to prevent us from scoring but with our opponents goal so near, we were inspired with new life and carried the ball over for a score. Capt. Ye-sair failed to kick the goal by a few inches.

Dummer kicked to Stone for the opening of the second half. It was here that our boys were taken wholly by surprise. By a series of long end runs Stone scored in less than five minutes, but failed to kick the goal. Dummer worked hard during the remainder of the game and not only held Stone, but had possession of the ball in their territory when the whistle blew. It was a hard fought game and Dummer was well pleased with the results.

GLOUCESTER 13; DUMMER 0.

Dummer started the game with Gloucester with a very different lineup from that which opposed Stone School. Young, our fullback, had his back hurt so badly in the Stone game that he will probably not be seen in foot ball togs again this year. Towne, Dummer's guard, hurt his hand in practice and will not be able to play for some time to come. As a result of these injuries Poto was placed at fullback, Goodwin at guard, and French at left half back. Gloucester, by straight line plunging, scored in the first quarter. The second quarter found the teams more evenly matched and some good playing by both teams was the result. In the third quarter, Gloucester again crossed our line, after some very good trick plays. Dummer's only chance to score was in the last quarter when they worked a good forward pass and long end runs, but the whistle settled that question. Dummer's interference was poor but our line played a good game. The Gloucester team, on the whole, played a good clean game and will be remembered by us in the future.

DUMMER 12; MANNING 7.

For the second time this season Dummer defeated Manning High School. This game, however, was far different from the last one. After we had been leading by six points for more than half the game, Ipswich surprised us by scoring when only five minutes of play remained. They kicked the goal and the score now stood, Manning 7, Dummer 6. It was an angry lot of Dummer boys that took their places to receive the

kick off. As much fight as was seen in the next two minutes of play will probably never be seen again, for, in exactly two minutes the Dummer backs carried the ball the whole length of the field without once resorting to end runs or forward passes. The line played a wonderful game and had opened holes large enough for a horse and team to pull through. This made it possible for our back field men to go flying down the field. The score now stood 12-7 in our favor and the final whistle found the same score with the ball belonging to Ipswich.

DUMMER 26; HAMILTON HIGH 13.

Dummer defeated Hamilton in a game marked by some very rough tackling by both teams. Dummer made most of its scores by straight line plunging, while Hamilton scored by long end runs. Capt. Yesair was forced to leave the game in the first quarter, having received a bad knock in the head.

DUMMER 7; MARBLEHEAD 32.

On Nov. 19 we closed our foot ball season with a game against Marblehead High School here. Marblehead started right out and got a touchdown in the first quarter by steady line plunges and a long forward pass. It was not until after Marblehead had another touchdown that Dummer woke up and by a long run of 35 yards, Capt. Yesair got over the line with the ball. Dummer also made the goal. After this touchdown, although the fellows fought hard they could not cross the line again. The game was full of excitement both for onlookers and players. It was in the last quarter that Marblehead ran up her score by getting three more touchdowns by steady plungings, and an inter-

cepted forward pass. It might be said that had Dummer fumbled the ball less, it would have changed things materially. For Dummer, Yesair played the star game, thereby keeping up his fine work in the other games. For Marblehead, the whole backfield proved an efficient yard-gainer.

SECOND TEAM.

The second team has developed into a far stronger eleven than had at first been expected, and, although having very little practice, surprised everyone by decisively defeating the Jackman School in the first game of the season by the score of 45-0. The game showed that there was power in the Dummer team, both on the defense and offense. The line, which was thought to be none too strong, held like a stone wall and time and again, breaking through the Jackman line threw the backs for losses. The Academy backfield also worked smoothly, considering the short period of practice, and found no difficulty in hitting Jackman's line or circling the ends for long gains. Coleman was easily the star of the game, he having very little difficulty in running through the whole Jackman team for all of Dummer's seven touchdowns. Havin at left half also played well, getting through the tackles and around the ends for long substantial gains. Dowling, at quarter, ran the team well, and his tackling was a feature of the game. Marr shone conspicuously at right end, and very few gains were made around his position. He had no trouble in getting through and tackling the Jackman backs. Skeelee, at centre and Williams at left guard, in addition to breaking through and throwing the backs for large losses, did not allow a gain through their position.

For Jackman, Horgan was the most consistent man; but the team did not seem to have much strength in the line, as the backs were tackled before they could get started. They worked a cris-cross play for good gains in the first part of the game but Dummer soon became familiar with them and prevented their further use. The Jackman attack was noticeably weak, but three first downs being registered by them in the whole game. All things considered, however, the game was very interesting and much better than the score would indicate.

TRACK.

The first call for track candidates brought out quite a crowd of competitors. We still have some of the old material back and also a number of new men back who will strengthen the team considerably. Among the old men are Norris, Coleman, Williams, Flanders, Tapley, Yesair, Poto, Rowe and Goodwin. The fresh material is composed of Towne, Savage, Franklin, Kramer, Baker, French, Havlin and Howe. The last named will undoubtedly smash all in-door records before the out-door season comes. Trainer Goodwin states that he never saw such a wonderful athlete as young Howe. In Howe's first tryout some weeks ago, he cleared the high jump bar at five feet two, with ease. When he rounds into form he will make his competitors do some tall stepping. In the broad jump, peerless Howe cleared nineteen feet three inches without a take-off board. The big question that is floating round the school is, "I wonder if Howe can be beaten?" There is no question about Dummer having a flying relay team this year with Coleman, French, Yesair, Norris,

Kramer and Goodwin trying out for first, second, third and fourth places. John Yesair, our last year's track star, is stepping the century dash in close to $10\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. Coleman covered the same in $10\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and Kramer can do it in a little over 10 seconds. Already a hard schedule is being arranged and some very good track meets are sure to be the result.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to have a fairly large Exchange list in this issue, and hope to have a much larger one next month.

We are going to try to give a few comments and criticisms in each issue of the "Archon" and hope that everything will be taken in the spirit in which it is written.

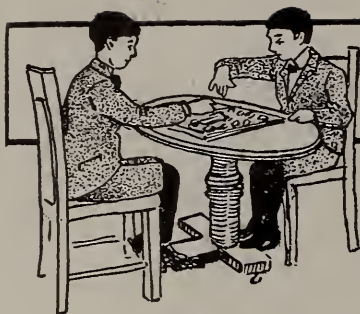
Blue and Gray: Your paper takes the blue ribbon among our exchanges for this month.

The Coburn Clarion: You have a fine general arrangement but I see none but girls' names among your contributors.

The Oak, Lily and Ivy: Yours is an interesting little paper. You should make it larger.

Taconic: Your subject matter is good, but you do need a new cover design.

Spectator: Your pages for caricatures make a good feature. Indeed, your whole number is so good that it is a pity there is not more of it, though here and there we note a sentence that might have been profitably eliminated, such as this: "Due to the difference in the time of opening the various schools, we have not as yet received the usual number of publications from the various schools." "Due" is an adjective. What does it qualify in this sentence?



HOME LIFE

The Academy has made a good beginning on its one hundred and fifty-first year.

We wish that our beloved founder, Gov. Dummer, might step from the Mansion House some sunny morning and survey the results of his bequest.

Few communities have preserved the outward appearance and the true spirit of Colonial New England as has Byfield. The school, with its ample acreage, broad lawns and dignified group of white buildings, fits into the landscape as naturally as the old Governor's portrait becomes the wainscoted walls of the Mansion House.

The present enrollment of sixty-three boys is the largest the school has had for years, and if the genial Governor could run his lace-frilled hand down the list of addresses he would see the names of many states whose territory had never been even explored in his day.

The recent reports show a fair standard of achievement. Very few spell failure, although during Mr. Degen's recent campaign failure has often been connected with spelling. We see few signs of that lofty yearning for wisdom so characteristic of the heroes of history, but there is frequent evidence of a willingness to do a solid day's work.

During last month we began to fear that the climate of Byfield was going to rival that of Portland, Oregon, where, we are told, "it rains hard every minute from Christmas till the 17th of June." In spite of this, the foot ball squad has kept

at it and, considering the absence of experienced material, has made an excellent showing. The little chaps have proved that they, too, can master the elements of the game.

Many happy hours have been spent in hunting, and although the ducks in the River Parker are getting decidedly gun shy no serious mortality has occurred.

Yet, it has been a busy, happy and profitable fall with many more "ups" than "downs." Through it all has appeared that elusive but most important factor, a good school spirit.

With the traditions of one hundred and fifty years of good work as a background, and the optimistic, sensible attitude of the boys and men at present upholding its standard, the old Governor can go back to his rest with never a fear for the old school or her sons.

W. H. B.

The following is a list of those at present enrolled at Dummer:—

Augustus Orrin Arlin,	Byfield
Robert Monroe Baker,	Boston
Richard Sutton Barker,	South Framingham
Wesley Stillman Bartlett,	Haverhill
Allan Burke,	Byfield
Martin Burns, Jr.,	Rowley
Richard Simpson Bushnell,	Brookline
John Murray Caldwell	Ipswich
George David Chandler,	Milton
Frederick Wallace Cogswell,	Essex
Harold Frederick Coleman,	Haverhill
Roger Brooke Coulter,	Sandy Spring, Md.
Francis Cowles,	Byfield
Herman Severance Cressey,	Rowley
Edward Winchester Cummings,	Chelsea

Harry Thomas Cutter, Newburyport
 Donald Kimball Davis, Georgetown
 Hovannas Derderian, Newburyport
 Mugerdel Dederian, Newburyport
 Paul Gerry DeRosay, Dorchester
 Joseph Luke Dodge, Rowley
 Thurston Paul Dodge, Rowley
 Franklin Woodbury Dowling,
 Dedham

Edward P. FitzGerald, Newburyport
 Walter Louis Flanders, Dover, N. H.
 Julian Hawthorne French, Malden
 Frederick Howard Goodwin,
 New York City

Frank Thompson Caldwell Hale,
 Byfield
 Herbert Ezra Hale, Byfield
 Arthur Clifford Havlin, Somerville
 Edwin Whittier Holden, Pittsfield
 Max Cutting Holmes, So. Byfield
 James Lewis Howe, Jr. Newburyport
 Travis Northrop Ingham,
 So. Byfield

Robert Kramer, Winchester
 Donald Sewall Lacroix, Rowley
 Lister Plummer Maccabe,
 East Boston

Percival Erskine Marr, Dorchester
 August Mead, Boston
 Perry Beswich Miller, Haverhill
 Carroll Edgerton Mooney, Byfield
 Julio Aurelio Navarro,
 Terreon-Coah, Mexico

Winthrop Dean Norris,
 Newton Highlands

Benjamin Pearson, Jr. Byfield
 Anthony Lewis Poto, Boston
 Gordon Payne Rowe, Wollaston
 Carwin Savage, Wollaston
 John Colby Sawyer, Topsfield
 William Morse Senior, Georgetown
 Sebastian Small, Concord
 John Skeele, Savannah, Ga.
 Fred Jowett Tapley, Haverhill
 Percy Monroe Tinker, Byfield
 Frederick Wilcox Toppan,
 Newburyport

Trueman Ransom Towne,
 Cambridge
 William Emerson Tucker, Ipswich
 Kenneth Palmer Varney, Rowley

Edward Hamilton Whitman,
 Newburyport
 Linus Child Whitman, Newburyport
 Norman B. Williams,
 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Oliver Paddock Woodward,
 Brookline
 John Yesair, Byfield
 Wayne Yesair, Byfield
 Marston Dyer Young,
 New York City

Soon after the opening of school this year a play was given under the direction of "Nat" Goodwin and "Spud" Marr, our young and hopeful aspirants for the stage. The play was an original comedy by Goodwin, and was called "The Prisoner." It certainly was a prisoner from start to finish. We are indebted to the young actors, namely, Marr, Young, Towne, Poto, and Goodwin for the interesting evening they gave us, and we hope to see more of them later on during the year.

Following closely upon this comedy of sensational plot, came an evening of vaudeville in which some of the younger members of the school took part. The talent exhibited would have filled Mr. Keith's bosom with envy, could he have seen it. August Mead was the star of the evening.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the new home of our much esteemed teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. It was here, on the evening of October 18th, that the boys and masters bestowed upon the happy couple not a mere "shower" but a very thunder storm of useful and useless articles of that precious metal, tin. Much credit should be given to the committee who managed the affair.

The biggest occasion of the year thus far, was our Hallowe'en Dance, held on the evening of October 25th.

The gymnasium was very prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns, electric lights, and hundreds of banners of all descriptions. The usual cozy corners were to be found; also the usual inmates. In spite of the fearful weather, we had a very large attendance and everyone had a good time. Great credit is due to the members of the committee, namely, "Nat" Goodwin and "Cy" Young. We wish to thank, likewise, the patronesses and all others who assisted in the glorious and brilliant event.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 15th, Mr. Degen gave a Lantern Talk in the Gym, on a "Trip to California Thirty Years Ago." Mr. Joseph Dummer kindly furnished the stereopticon and operated it. The speaker described some of his adventures in early life when he started out to "seek his fortune." The trip started from New York City and went by Pacific mail steamer to the Isthmus of Panama and thence up by the Pacific Ocean, and home by rail. There were many views all along the route. As these views were all taken at the time described by the lecturer, they were of special interest because of the many changes that have taken place since, especially in New York and San Francisco. After the Californian trip had been completed, we were shown a number of views taken in the City of London.

The most exciting thing that has happened this year was the Common's fire. The fire was discovered by Percival Marr, who awoke to discover his room full of smoke. Hastening down stairs, he discovered that the wall above the Commons room fire place was burning fiercely. Rushing up stairs, he aroused Mr. Farrell and the fifteen boys who room in the building. The whole house

was now filled with smoke and it was difficult to breathe. The boys showed great presence of mind and quickly packed their trunks and took them to the campus. Chemicals were quickly brought into use and by the aid of axes and water, the students and faculty were able, after a stubborn fight, to control the fire, and eventually to put it out. Promptness in following orders and the small amount of useless talking done, showed what training will do. The fire burned out the wall between the office and the Commons' room, and caused a damage to the extent of \$500. A like sum will probably cover the damage to the furniture from the chemicals. The lack of draft, it is thought, made it possible to save the whole building from being consumed in flames. A humorist would have had a good time watching some of the foolish actions of some of the fellows, but as none was present, we hope nothing but good solid work was noticed. A phonograph, happily rescued from destruction, was set down on one of the trunks on the campus, and one thoughtful soul conceived the idea that it would encourage the fire-fighters within if it was set going, which he accordingly proceeded to do. This inspired one member of the Ancient History class, having Nero and his fiddle in mind, to remark that history was again repeating itself. After the danger was over, many of the boys, clad only in their pajamas, danced the turkéy-trot and tango on the grass to these soul-stirring strains.

While the fire was at its height, John, our faithful janitor, was discovered in the kitchen lighting the fire in the range. When asked why he was starting a fire instead of helping to put one out, he replied that he thought we had enough

helpers at that, but that they would soon be hungry and if he didn't build the kitchen fire there would be no breakfast. Which was true. Breakfast was served on time, and all classes were called at the usual hours without any interruption of our daily routine. So John was really the hero of the occasion.

Early in the term the school was shocked by the sudden death of one of its local trustees, Mr. Edward P. Noyes. Mr. Noyes' residence is close to the Academy, and he and the members of his family have always been so intimately associated with the life of the school that the teachers and students sympathize deeply with any sorrow that comes to their household.

The trustees at a recent meeting adopted the following resolution: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to take from among us Edward Parish Noyes, we, his associate trustees of Dummer Academy, recognizing his long and faithful service on the Board, his unswerving devotion to the Academy through good and evil report, his faith and optimism, and, especially, his rare quality as a man, place this note of appreciation as an expression of our feeling of personal loss upon the records of the Board.

Edward Noyes was an idealist, a man of prophetic vision, who lived his life in absolute conformity with the principles laid down for himself. He was faithful to himself, to his friends, and to all good causes. His life was so animated by high purpose, and so consistent with itself, that it must ever remain a priceless heritage to his children and an inspiration to all who knew him.

Voted: To instruct the Secretary to send a copy of this Note to the family of the deceased.

EXCHANGES

Some of the exchanges received last June after our last issue are—

"The Breccia", Portland, Me.; "The Coburn Clarion", Waterville, Me.; "The Crucible", Colorado College; "The Eltrurian", Haverhill, Mass.; "The Habit", Salina, Kansas; "News", East Orange, Mass.; "Baker High School Nugget", Baker City, Oregon; "The Observer", Ansonia High School, Ansonia, Conn.; "The Orange", White Plains, N. Y. We extend our hearty thanks and hope that they will be continued throughout the present year.

We are pleased to greet among the Exchanges of this month: "The Blue and the Gray", Roland Park, Md.; "The Cynosure", Fargo, N. D.; "The College Signal", Amherst, Mass.; "The Coburn Clarion", Waterville, Me.; "The Illiad", Troy, N. Y.; "The Oak, Lily and Ivy", Milford, Mass.; "The Oread", Rutland, Vt.; "The Preparatory Herald", Keyser, W. Va.; "The Picket", Shepherdstown, W. Va.; "The Badnorite", Wayne, Pa.; "Res Academicæ", Wilkes Barre, Pa.; "The Spectator", Peterson, N. J.; "The Taconic", Williamstown, Mass.; "The Tuskegee Student", Tuskegee, Ala.; "The Review", Shamokin, Pa.; "Tiltonian", Tilton, N. H.

Res Academicæ makes us wonder if they have an English Course at Wilkes-Barre, when in applauding the work of last year's coach, it expresses the hope that "this season he may turn out a team that will be as successful if not more so than last year's." In the same spirit we hope that your next issue will be as good than your last.

We hope to make this department larger as the year goes on, and we extend a cordial invitation to all school papers to exchange with us.



Small always thought that the *goat* was the male sheep.

This rainy weather must have got his "*sheep*"!

The students were rewarded for their bravery and work in fire-fighting by *real* steak for supper the following night.

Small is still restless about the collar button that he has not yet recovered from the fire.

"What is the symbol for antimony, Towne?"

"KI—No, X Y. I mean O Z."

Cheer up, "Red."

Never mind, "Cy" Young saved the frame of his girl's picture from the fire.

In foot ball practice "Tony" kicked the ball too far down the field, and as Small chased it, he said:—"Aw, come on, even if it is a pigskin, you don't have to 'hog' it!"

Havlin, in Latin:—"The wife of his daughter was the king of *Servius*."

Mr. Degen, to Norris: "What language was '*potato*' derived from?"

Norris: "Irish!"

In chemistry, Fitzgerald pointed to the outlet of the water jacket around the still, saying, "Is that the distilled water comin' outa there?"

If Spud Marr couldn't cut the meat the other day, could Harry Cutter?

Mr. Degen, to Sawyer, in English: "What is meant by the expression '*bowels of kindness*'?"

Sawyer, (after debating for a few moments): "Machinery in our body!"

Heard at dinner, above the uproar from Oswald: "Come on there, I come first after you on *de* gravy!"

Bartlet, in French, translating: "*Elles s'attacherait à mes habits.*" "She will attach herself to my habits."

Mr. Bentley: "Say Jim, what did you say you gave your hens when they had the pip?"

Mr. Sleeper: "Oh, I gave them turpentine."

Mr. B.: "Well, it killed mine."

Mr. S.: "Wal, it killed mine, too."

Chandler, in French: "That accent ought to be acute, no, I mean obtuse."

F. A. PERKINS

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ROSTER OF HOUSE STUDENTS

NAME.	NICK-NAME	OBJECT IN LIFE.
Chandler	"Chink"	To tell how I did it.
Holden	"Brud"	To shoot a duck.
Sawyer	"Oswald"	To be a mail-man.
Maccabe	"Adolph"	To lick Oswald.
Marr	"Spud"	To be an artist.
Poto	"Tony"	To be an actor.
Small	"Itchy"	To be a ladies' man.
Young	"Cy"	To be an instructor at Bradford.
Towne	"Brick"	To cross the country on a freight train.
Coleman	"Deak"	To be a Sunday School teacher.
Miller	"Slip"	To never smoke.
French	"Monk"	To abolish profanity.
Norris	"Boob"	To sing in Grand Opera.
Rowe	"Gunboat"	To get married.
Bartlett	"Tub"	To get thin.
Woodward	"Tweed"	To make a lot of noise.
Cummings	"Eddie"	To be a man.
Mead	"Meadie"	To get an air rifle.
De Rosay	"Drosy"	To be a stage manager.
Williams	"New Yoik"	To be a foot ball manager. [lonial.]
Tapley	"Taps"	To get a season ticket to the "Co-
Bushnell	"Dick"	To be a Rah Rah boy.
Flanders	"Fat"	To invent a patent lesson-learner.
Skeele	"Dink"	To be a preacher.
Goodwin	"Nat"	To become engaged.
Havlin	"Ed"	To be a long distance walker.
Baker	"Stick"	——? ?——
Kramer	"Sis"	To be a cherub.
Barker	"Blondy"	To be a cow boy.
Dowling	"Doll"	To play quarterback for Harvard.
Coulter	"Lazy"	To be a senator.
Savage	"Kid"	To lick Dowling.



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